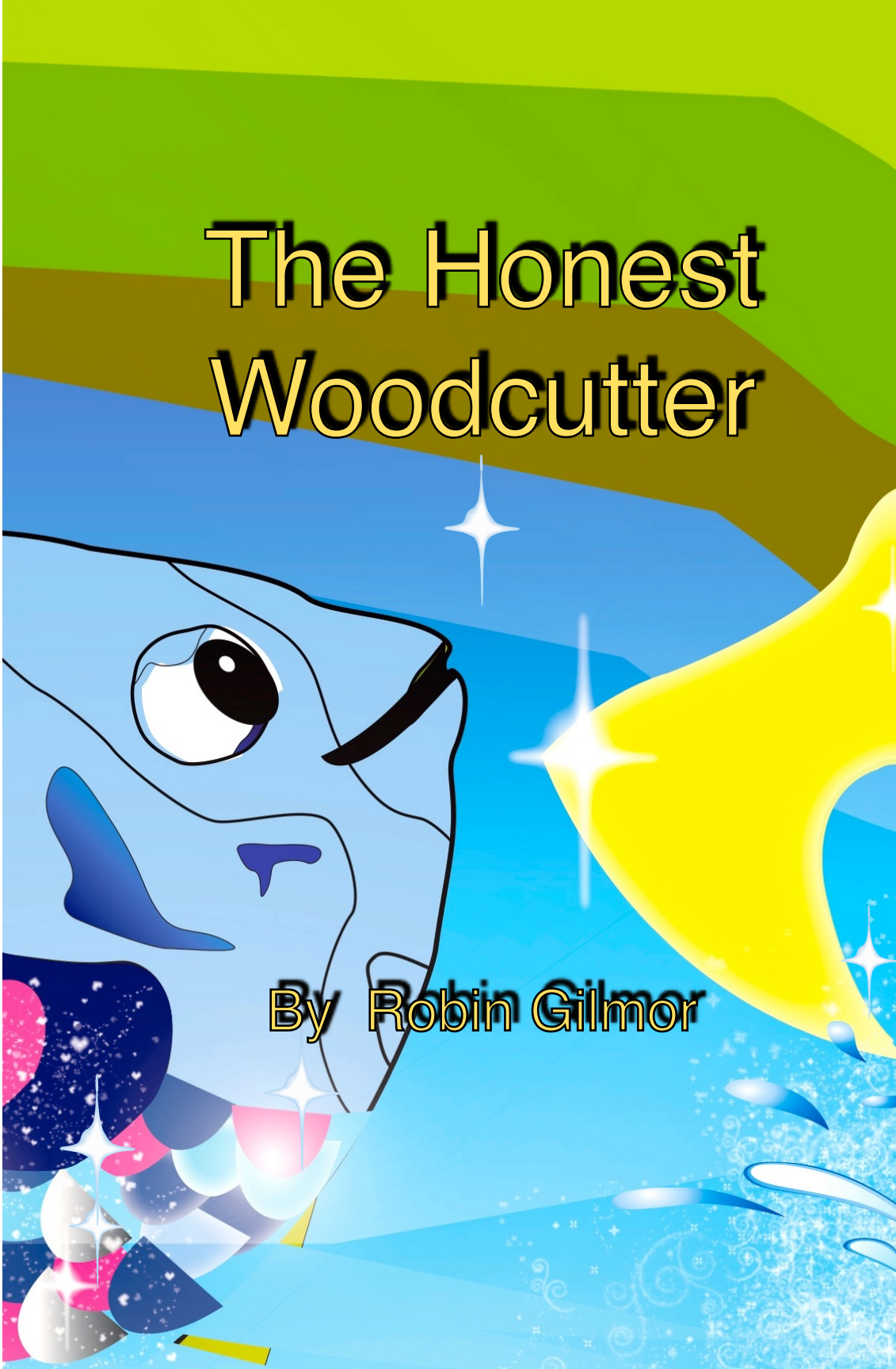
The Honest Woodcutter



By Robin Gilmor

THE HONEST WOODCUTTER

By Robin Gilmor
Illustrated By Zara Farooqi

With Love to
Vera, Ella, Frankie, Holly, Aidan, Colleen,
Owen, Bridget and Fiona

Second Edition
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The Honest Woodcutter

One day a Woodcutter took his old iron ax,

By the winding river where the blue waters flow.

But when his old ax hit a massive oak tree,

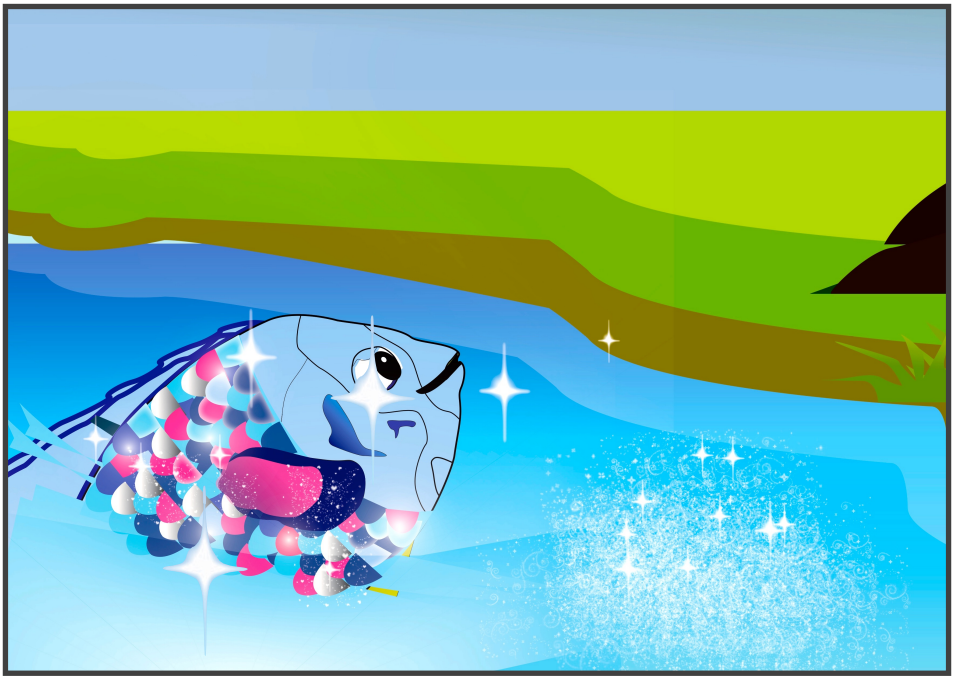
It fell from his hand to the river below!

Oh no," he cried out. . . from up on the green bank,

"I am much too old and don't swim very well.

What will happen to me without my old ax

For without it I will have no chopped wood to sell?"



As he stood by the river he cried and he moaned,

When a large fish with bright scales, swam up to the bank.

"Could this be the ax you dropped, old man,

Into the deep waters, where it finally sank?"

How the scales on the fish sparkled ever so bright,

Such a glittering rainbow of colors so bold,

"Is this your ax that you dropped into the river,

This marvelous ax made of pure yellow GOLD?"

And the Woodcutter's eyes grew wild with excitement,

As he stood and he gazed at the pure golden ax.

Oh, how he thought of the things he could buy.

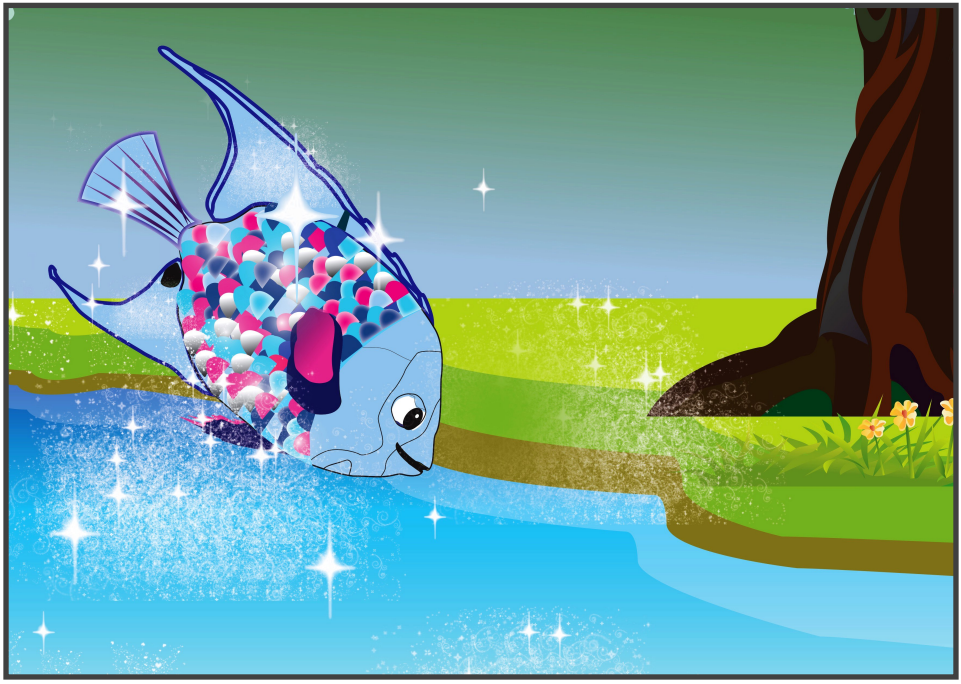
He had worked all his life, it was time to relax.

But alas he blinked . . . and he swallowed real hard,

Then with all of his strength he then said to the fish,

"That's a most gorgeous ax, but it's truly not mine,

Not my own little ax even though I might wish."



So the fish dove down into the dark waters,

And he returned with an ax, sterling silver so bright.

"Is this the ax you dropped into the river,

That fell into the river and sank out of sight?"

And again the Woodsman's eyes

opened wide with delight,

as he longingly gazed upon the bright silver ax...

He thought of the things he could buy with the silver.

He had worked all his life, it was time to relax.

But alas he blinked and swallowed real hard...gulp!

With all of his strength he then said to the fish,

"That's a most gorgeous ax, but it's truly not mine...

Not my own little ax even though I might wish."

Swimming back to the middle, once more he dove down,

He dove into the water where the surface was torn. . .

This time he returned to the shore with an ax,

A little old ax with a handle so worn.

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The scales on the fish, so magic and bright,

Glittering rainbows of colors so bold.

"Is this your ax you dropped into the river?

Your little old ax, this ax that I hold?"

The Woodcutter knew at first glance it was true.
It's the little old ax he had used all his life.
The wood that he sold gave him money to buy,
Food for his table for his two children and wife.

Then with a splash the big fish was gone.

He dove into the river, a sight to behold,

But when he returned he held in his mouth,

The ax made of silver and the ax made of gold!

Because you are honest and told me the truth,

You may have these fine axes of silver and gold."

The Woodcutter thanked the fish

For these marvelous treasures,

And went home to his village

With this tale to be told.

And away swam the big fish
with his scales shining bright,
Seen no more by the woodsman. . . . .
well not that we know.
But sometimes a rainbow of lights on the water
Appear in the moon light that flicker and glow.

After all the old Woodsman was truly rewarded,

With the wonderful gifts that gave his life ease.

He never lied once and told only the truth,

And for being so honest, these gifts he received.

The End

"Honesty is the Best Policy."

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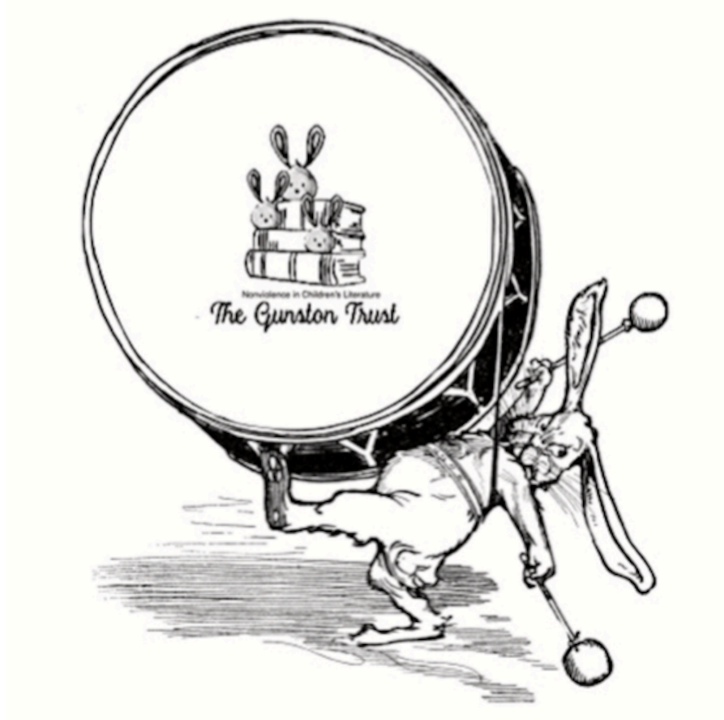

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